

The Independent Press.

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, THE ARTS, SCIENCE, AGRICULTURE, NEWS, POLITICS, &c., &c.

TERMS—ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM.]

"Let it be instilled into the hearts of your children that the Liberty of the Press is the Palladium of all your Rights."—Junius.

[PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.]

VOLUME 4--NO. 12.

ABBEVILLE C. H., SOUTH CAROLINA, FRIDAY MORNING, JULY 25, 1856.

WHOLE NUMBER 168.

THE INDEPENDENT PRESS

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT ABBEVILLE, S. C., AT ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

HAS a circulation of nearly one thousand in Abbeville District, and is constantly increasing. Its circulation in this State is about fourteen hundred, and its entire list of subscribers numbers over sixteen hundred. It is therefore offered to the mercantile and business community generally as the best advertising medium in the up-country of South Carolina.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

1 square 3 months	\$ 4 00
1 square 6 months	6 00
1 square 12 months	10 00
2 squares 3 months	6 00
2 squares 6 months	10 00
2 squares 12 months	15 00
3 squares 3 months	8 00
3 squares 6 months	12 00
3 squares 12 months	20 00
4 squares 3 months	10 00
4 squares 6 months	15 00
4 squares 12 months	25 00
5 squares 3 months	12 00
5 squares 6 months	20 00
5 squares 12 months	30 00

Advertisements inserted for a shorter period than three months will be charged 75 cents per square (12 lines or less) for first insertion and 37½ cents per square for each continuance. Any one advertising by annual or semi-annual contract can change his advertisement monthly, if he desires. Subscribers to the paper who do not pay their subscriptions within the year will be charged \$1 50. [April 20, 1855]

MISCELLANY.

[FOR THE INDEPENDENT PRESS.]

Mount Tabor Sabbath School Fourth July Celebration.

On the 4th inst., came off at Mount Tabor, near Dora's Mines, in this District, a Grand Celebration of Mount Tabor Sabbath School. Present were a large number of persons of both sexes to look upon and participate in the pleasures of the delightful scene. By an early hour in the forenoon, some 600 or 800 persons were assembled at the Mount. On arriving there, the first thing to impress the vision, and arrest the attention, was the flag of our Union, beautifully fanning the gentle breezes, at an elevation of some fifty or sixty feet above the ground.

At about half past 10 o'clock A. M. the order of the day was given, and after which the Schools moved in procession under three different banners: Mount Tabor, Republican, and Tranquil.

Besides the scholars of these three Sunday Schools, were present also those of other Sabbath Schools that joined in the processional movements &c., making the whole number of Sunday School scholars in the procession about one hundred and fifty. Beautiful sight!

"Delightful task to rear the tender thought, And teach the young idea how to shoot."

After the procession returned to the Church and took their respective places, the services were opened with prayer by Mr. W. S. Headwright. Next was vocal music by the choir. Then followed the Rev. Mr. Sloan, who delivered an able and most suitable address. The appropriateness of the subject and the eloquence of its speaker received, and justly deserved for him as the author, many high encomiums. He beautifully described the importance and utility of Sabbath Schools and religious instruction, and said much to show that religious education was inculcated from the earliest history of the Church. But now, one only of his biblical quotations must suffice to leave him: "Train up the child in the way he should go." Then followed vocal music by the choir, and the pupils marched in procession to the dinner table, which was abundantly supplied with a great variety of meats, pastry, &c., and where the whole company engaged, savourily, we presume, in a savory repast.

In the afternoon the multitude gathered in and around the Church again (all seemed anxious to get in the house, but some could not for want of space) and attentively listened to another eloquent speech by H. A. Jones, Esq. Of Mr. Jones' address we deem it unnecessary to say much. To us it seemed to be just what it should be. By it we were informed that the prosperity of all government was based upon biblical knowledge and faith in the same.

By it we were informed also of the necessity and final results of well conducted Sabbath Schools. And by it did we receive much pleasing and valuable information that we cannot here mention. But before leaving him we must say, judging from his speech on this occasion, and from others also, which we have heard him so fluently deliver on other occasions, and elsewhere, we think him one of the men to go to Columbia. And so indeed do many among us.—Success to him!

And now, Mr. Editor, in the conclusion of this affair, let me say something in reference to the Range. It is a melancholy fact that her history has been mystified by the filth of the drunkard, profanity of the swearer, and the carelessness and indifference of the ignorant. But these days, thank Heaven, are numbered with the history of the past. For the last eight or ten years the heaven of pure christianity has been thrown in her midst, and it has come near leavening the whole lump. Drunkenness is considered disgraceful. Swearing looked upon with disdain. Ignorance is retreating from the light of literature, and the people are looking to, and laboring for, the complete development of the human intellect. And, sir, we prophesy that the day is not distant when the Range will compete with any other neighborhood in the District. Why should she not? The people are becoming energetic; the land is productive; the waters are plenty and good, the location fair, the air salubrious, and mineral resources great and perhaps unsurpassed in the Union. VINDI.

How to Buy a House.

"I tell you, my dear, it is utterly impossible! Save three hundred dollars a year out of my salary? You don't understand it," said Charles Converse to his young wife.

"Perhaps I do not," replied Mrs. Converse, "but my opinion is very decided."

"Women don't understand these things. You think my salary of eight hundred dollars a year a fortune."

"No such thing, Charles."

"But eight hundred dollars, let me tell you, won't buy all the world."

"I had no idea that it would; yet, if you only had the habit of saving what you spend for things that you can get along without, you would be able to build a house in a few years."

"Build a house?"

"Yes, build a house, Charles."

"Well, that's a good one!"

The young man laughed heartily at the idea—too chimerical, too absurd, to be harbored for a moment.

"How much do you suppose it cost us to live last year?"

"Why, eight hundred dollars, of course. It took all my salary; there is none of it left."

The young wife smiled mischievously as she took from her work-table drawer a small account book.

"You did not know that I kept account of all these things, did you?"

"No; but how much is it?" And Charles was a little disturbed by the cool way in which his wife proceeded to argue the question.

"Four hundred and ninety-two dollars," answered Mrs. Converse.

"Oh, but, my dear, you have not got it all down."

"Yes, I have—everything."

"My tailor's bill was sixty-five dollars."

"I have it here."

"Hats, boots, and —"

"I have them all."

"The deuce you have!"

"When you had any new thing, you know I always asked you what you gave for it."

"I know you did; but I will bet five dollars I can name a dozen things that you have not got down."

"Done!" said the lady with a laugh, as she took from her drawer a five dollar bill and placed it on the table.

Charles Converse covered the money.

"Capital idea for you to bet against me with my money!" said he good-humoredly.

"If I lose, I will do without that new barege I am to have."

"Nay, my dear, I don't want you to do that."

little things in the course of the year, but they are hardly worth the mention."

"Ah! there's the mischief. There is where the money goes, you may depend upon it."

"Nonsense! You women don't understand these things."

"Of course we don't."

"Well, your figures show that you don't. Where has the three hundred dollars gone to, then?"

"I don't know Charles. I haven't the least idea. I am sure that I have got down all the items that came within my knowledge. I am positive that you have brought home no article of any description that has not been entered upon the book—I mean the articles of food and clothing, and things for the house."

"But just look at it a moment. You don't mean to say that I have spent three hundred dollars over and above our necessary expenses?" said Charles a little warmly.

"I don't mean to say anything about it, for I don't know anything."

"Now I think of it, there's my life insurance; have you got that down?"

"I have not."

"There is forty of the three hundred and sixty-eight dollars unaccounted for."

"It would take a great while to collect money enough to build a house, even if the whole of this sum were saved."

"Not a great while Charles. You know my father has promised to give you the land when you have the means to build a house upon."

"It will be a long while," laughed the husband.

"Five or six years, perhaps, if you are prudent. Hasn't the president of your bank promised you a thousand dollars a year?"

"Yes."

"Then you can certainly save four hundred dollars a year?"

"There is a thousand things we want when my salary is raised."

"But we can do without them."

"I suppose we can."

"Just look here Charles."

Mrs. Converse took from her pocket a circular issued by the "Peoples' Savings Bank," in which the accumulation of several small sums deposited weekly and quarterly, were arranged in a table.

"Fifty dollars deposited every quarter will net, in five years, one thousand one hundred and forty-one dollars twenty-five cents!" continued she, reading from the circular.

"Bah!" added Mr. Converse.

"That sum would build a very comfortable house; and when your salary is a thousand dollars a year you can save more than fifty dollars a quarter."

"A five per cent. institution, isn't it?" asked the young man.

But he was much impressed by the reasoning of his wife, and in the course of the evening he carefully read the circular of the "Peoples' Savings Bank."

Certainly he had every inducement for being saving and economical. He had lived very cheaply in a small house belonging to his father-in-law, for which he paid a merely nominal rent.

His wife's father was a wealthy farmer, or rather he had been a farmer, before his domain was invaded by the march of improvement, and his pastures and mowing lands laid out into house lots. As it was, he still, from the force of habit, improved a few acres, kept a couple of cows, a "henery," and a half dozen pigs.

Charles Converse found this proximity to the "old folks at home," rather satisfactory, in a pecuniary as well as a social point of view, for his larder was partly stocked from the farm; and, of course, no account was ever made of half a pig, a barrel of apples or potatoes, or a pair of chickens. Milk and eggs were so much better and fresher from "pa's" that of course the young couple never desired to obtain them from any other source.

They lived cheaply and lived in clover besides. Charles never liked to talk about financial matters with "pa," because the worthy old gentleman used to tell how he lived on a hundred and fifty dollars a year after he was married—thought he had a fat salary, and supposed, of course, he saved four hundred dollars a year out of it—and always wound up by saying that he would give him a lot—might take his pick of all he owned—whenever he got ready to build.

All these things rather worked upon Charles Converse. He hadn't saved a dollar, and what was more, there was no present prospect that he ever would do so. The promised advance in salary was already appropriated to sundry luxuries. The idea of taking Mary to the opera, or a pleasant trip to Niagara, and other amabilities, had taken possession of him.

But the reasoning of his wife had produced a strong impression upon his mind. She had been brought up in the strictest habits of economy. Her father, though rich, had an army of children; but they were all wealthy in their thrifty habits.

Charles read over and over the circular of the Savings Bank in the evening, figured up the statistics, and wondered what had become of that two hundred and sixty-eight dollars.

Before he had went to bed he had matured a resolution, though he did not say a word to his wife about it.

The next day Charles Converse received a quarter's salary, and his first step, after receiving it, was to visit the Peoples' Savings Bank, where he deposited fifty dollars.

But the hundred and fifty dollars which he had left, burned in his pockets. It was all he had to carry him through the ensuing three months. There were a dozen little things that he wanted, and a dozen big ones, for that matter. Against the latter he resolutely set his face, though, in consideration of the fact that his salary would be a thousand dollars a year, after the next pay-day, he had a week before made up his mind to have them.

Among other things, his cigar-case was empty, and he stepped into Seavy's, in Congress-street, to have it replenished. Segars were a great luxury—in fact, a necessity to him, in his own opinion.

The gentlemanly proprietor of the establishment placed a box of the fragrant rolls upon the counter.

"Something new," said he.

Charles took up a handful and smelt them. "Best segars in the market," continued the vender.

"Tip-top," replied Charles, inhaling the grateful odor. "How do you sell them?"

"Four cents a piece."

Six of them were transferred to the case, a quarter thrown down, and, as it was not ungenerous to pick up a copper's change, he left the store. But a little fellow inside seemed to say:

"Charles, you can't afford to smoke such segars as those. They will hardly last you two days. If you must smoke, buy a cheaper segar than that. You will not be able to build your house in ten years at this rate."

He did not pay much attention to the monitorial voice, however, and as he passed along he drank a sherry cobbler himself and paid for three friends, whom he could not help asking to drink with him, at Barton's.

At Vinton's, a Charlotte Russe was disposed of, and so on to the end of the chapter. And these were his daily habits. It was only a sixpence or a quarter at a time, and these were so ridiculously small, that they never caused him a thought. The idea that they absorbed any considerable portion of his salary, never occurred to him. He had always gratified his appetite or inclination in these matters, as they had come to be regarded as necessities.

Still, Charles Converse had turned over a new leaf. He refrained from purchasing a great many articles which he had intended to get when he received his quarter's salary, and as he seated himself in the cars, he congratulated himself on the firmness with which he had carried out the resolution of the previous evening.

"You are late, Charles," said Mary when he reached his sunny little cottage.

"I have been paying my quarter bills," replied he, with a smile. "Here they are, my sweet accountant."

He threw the bills upon the table, and while she was examining them, he threw his bank-book in her lap.

"What!" exclaimed she, in astonishment, as she saw the book. "Fifty dollars!"

"Yes, my dear, female influence—the influence of a wife!—and the husband playfully kissed her. "I am convicted of sin, and converted too, which is better still. I am resolved to be prudent, economical, saving, even parsimonious."

"I am glad to hear it."

"And the house will be built in just five years, according to the programme of the Savings' Bank."

As he spoke, he took from his pocket three of the city evening papers.

"Not quite cured, Charles," said Mary, with a smile.

"What do you mean?"

"Journal, Transcript and Traveller, two cents each," laughed Mary. "You are determined the publishers shall live?"

"Why, Mary, you wouldn't have me live without a newspaper, would you? That would be a depth of barbarism to which I would never descend," replied Charles, with a look of astonishment, at his interesting mentor.

"Certainly not; but is not one paper a day enough?"

"That is but a trifle."

"The rain falls in drops, but washes the whole earth. Four cents a day, for a year, amounts to about twelve dollars."

Charles scratched his head. It was a most astounding revelation to him.

"You are right, Mary; one paper is enough."

Charles ate his supper, but was moody and abstracted. A new idea was penetrating his brain, which he began to think, had been rather muddy on financial affairs.

As he rose from his table he took out his segar case, and as he did so, the little fellow within, who had spoken to him when he came out of the segar shop, began to upbraid him pretty sharply. He burned his fingers in attempting to light the fragrant roll, and then relapsed into a fit of deep musing.

"What are you thinking about, Charles?" asked Mary, after she had cleared away the table.

"Oh? I was thinking how much twelve times three hundred and sixty-five are."

"Twelve means twelve cents, I suppose?" said she, performing the problem on the margin of one of the newspapers. "Here it is—forty-three dollars and eighty cents."

"For segars," added her blankly.

"Which added to the sum paid for superfluous newspapers, makes fifty-six dollars and twenty-eight cents."

"And twenty for slaving, which I may do myself, are seventy-six dollars and twenty-eight cents," continued he, taking the pencil and ciphering away with all his might for a few moments.

"Gleason's Pictorial, Home Journal, Saturday Courier, and your county paper, come to —"

"But, my dear, we can't do without our county paper," exclaimed Charles, looking with amazement into the face of his wife.

"I don't want you to do without that," said his wife.

"Sherry cobbler, ice creams, and oysters, over a hundred dollars, by thunder!" continued he, turning to his figures again.

"Indeed!"

"I begin to see where the two hundred and sixty-eight dollars have gone to," said he.

"And sherry cobbler are worse than useless. I had no idea you drank, Charles."

"Say no more, Mary; I am done."

And he was done. The idea of "saving" something took complete possession of him—not so far as to make him niggardly, but far enough to make him abandon the four-cent segars, three evening papers, Vinton's compounds, and especially sherry cobbler.

"On the next quarter day one hundred dollars was added to his deposit at the Savings' Bank, and as his habits improved afterwards, and his salary still further increased, much greater sums were added."

In four years the house was built, new furniture bought and paid for, and Charles is considered one of the most thrifty young men in the town—all of which propitious events, he honestly believed, had their origin in the beneficent influence of the Savings' Bank, whose circular had opened his eyes and stimulated him to carry out his resolution.

A Printer's Parody.

In seasons when our funds are low, Subscribers are provoking slow, And new supplies keep up the flow, Of dimes departing rapidly.

But we shall see a sadder sight, When duns pour in from morn to night, Commanding every sixpence bright To be forked over speedily.

Our bonds and due bills all arrayed— Each seal and signature displayed— The holders vow they must be paid By threats of "Law and Chancery."

Then to despair we are almost driven— There's precious little use of livin' When our last copper's rudely given— From hand that held it lovingly.

But larger yet those duns shall grow, When interest added on below, Length'ning our chin a foot or so While gazing at them hopelessly.

'Tis so that scarce have we begun To plead for time upon a dun, Before there comes some other one Demanding pay ferociously.

The moment darkens. On, ye brave, Who would our very bacon save! Waive, patrons! all your pretexts waive, And pay the printer cheerfully.

Ah! it would yield us pleasure sweet, A few delinquents now to meet, Asking of us a clear receipt For papers taken regularly.

Hebrew Requiem.

"Go thou in peace," we would not have thee linger

In the low mazes of this tainted earth, Where ever joy is touched with sorrow's finger, And tears succeed the brightest hours of mirth.

Thine upward gaze is fixed upon the dwelling Wheresin and sorrow never more are known, And seraph lips the loud Hosanna swelling, Have caught the music of celestial tone.

"Go thou in peace!" thy home on earth now leaving,

In the lone chambers of the dead to dwell; Thou hast no portion in the sorrow heaving The heart whose anguish tears too feebly tell.

A path of light and gladness is before thee, The hope of Israel in fruition thine, And thou hast gazed upon the beams of glory Around the throne of Israel's God that shine.

"Go thou in peace!" temptation cannot sever The tie that now unites thee to thy God; The voice of sin, of unbelief, can never Enter the mazes of thy low abode.

We leave thee here in mingled joy and sadness, Our hearts are weak, our hopes are faint and dim, But to the Lord we turn with chastened gladness, And yield our friend, our brother, up to Him.

It is not things, but men's opinions of things, that disturb them. Things do not touch the mind; but stand quietly without; the vexations come from within, from our suspicious only.

Affray Between Gov. Wise and Hugh R. Pleasants in the Capitol of Virginia.

Richmond, July 7, 1856.

Hugh R. Pleasants, a brother of the late John Hampden Pleasants, and formerly editor of the *Penny Post* of this city, went this morning into the Executive Chamber of the Capitol, where Gov. Wise was engaged writing, and taking a seat by invitation of the Governor, said, after a brief period: "I thought gizzard foot was here."

Pleasant, rising from his seat, and approaching the table at which the Governor sat, said: "By God, I did not know you; and so you are ebo shin and gizzard foot?"

"I am," remarked Gov. Wise, with a smile, "and you are Hugh Pleasants." Pleasant thereupon commenced abusing the Governor, without any provocation whatever, when the Governor ordered him to leave the room, but he refused to do so.

The Governor then rose from his seat, approached Pleasant, and taking hold of him, endeavored to push him out. Pleasant resisted, squared off, and placed himself in an attitude to strike, when the Governor struck him with his fist under the left eye, and cut him pretty severely. He then seized him by the arm, turned him round, and kicked him.

At this time the messenger of the Executive came up, and had him removed by the order of the Governor. It is said that Pleasant was intoxicated.

The Know Nothings of the city are very indignant about the affair.

Seven Fools.

1. The envious man—who sends away his mutton because the person next to him is eating venison.

2. The jealous man—who spreads his bed with stinging nettles, and then sleeps in it.

3. The proud man—who gets wet through sooner than ride in the carriage of an inferior.

4. The litigious man—who gets to law in the hope of ruining his opponent, and gets ruined himself.

5. The extravagant man—who buys a herring, and takes a cab to carry it home.

6. The angry man—who learns the ophicleide, because he is annoyed by the playing of his neighbor's piano.

7. The ostentatious man—who illumines the outside of his house most brilliantly, and sits in the inside in the dark.

RUNAWAY HORSES.—It is painful to read, almost every day, of the serious accidents that occur from horses running away with carriages. The writer is satisfied that these frightful cases may be prevented by the following means: Take a round leather line, half an inch in diameter, and to one end sew a strong metal ring, one inch in diameter; buckle the ring on the back of the head-stall, (top of the head); then pass the other end of the line round the neck of the horse and through the ring, making a noose, and tie or buckle it to the dash board or front of the carriage, convenient to take hold of; and, if the horse starts to run, pull the line gently at first, (as when choked suddenly he may fall), and he will come to when he feels the grip. The writer has stopped a horse, while riding, that would run in spite of the bit, by leaning forward and choking him.

The Keowee Courier of the 12th inst., says:

"Pickens district is being thoroughly tested for copper, and, we are pleased to hear, with a good prospect of success. Messrs. John Bowen & Co. are at work about ten miles northeast of this place. One of the company is a Duck Town miner, we understand, who is well pleased with the prospect.—They are operating on Benjamin Hagood's land."

Indian hostilities continue in Florida. On the 14th June, near Fort Frazier, Lieut. Carlton, Lott Whidden and Wm. Parker were killed, and Daniel Carlton, and J. H. Hollingsworth wounded.

On the 16th ult., Robt. F. Price, and Geo. Howell were killed, and James Whidden, Wm. J. Booker, and John L. Skipper, wounded.

There were about twenty Indians killed and several wounded.

FUGITIVE SLAVE SURRENDER.—The Quebec Mercury is out in an article, enjoining the Canadian Parliament to pass a law, by which all the distressed runaway slaves in Canada may be returned back to the United States.

"Mind, John," said a father to his son, "if you go out into the yard you will wish you had stayed in the house." "Well, if I stay in the house, I shall wish I was out of the yard; so where is the great difference, dad?"

The citizens of New Market, Virginia, on the night of the 4th instant, burned a flag-george Rye, of Woodstock, for attending the Philadelphia Republican Convention.

The first daily newspaper published in Virginia was in 1780, and the subscription price was \$50 per copy per annum.